

RESURRECTION  
BY PETE BEESLEY

# Prologue

The second gunshot echoed round the house. As I fell to the floor, my chest felt instantly warm, the blood from my chest spilled out drenching my shirt. I hit the floor after what seemed an eternity of falling. As I landed, the blood of my wife soaked my back and sent a crimson spray of blood around the room. As I lay next to her lifeless body, I saw the tears on her face still dripping down adding to the puddle of blood on the floor. Her panic-stricken face now spotted with blood. The same pleading eyes that had looked deep into mine a minute ago did so once more now. Only a moment ago I had called their bluff and had held back on giving the robbers the code to my safe, the so-called leader pulled out his gun and asked me once more for the code. I told him to go to hell, never thinking for an instant that he would pull the trigger. In an instant, the man pulled the trigger. My wife's blood splattered all over the mirror behind her. As she fell to the floor a clap of thunder from outside crackled through the house as the heavy rain beat strongly on the living room window. The shocked look on my face seemed to please the robbers as one of them pulled a smile. I glanced up from my wife's body to see the attacker's gun now pointed in the direction of my daughter. I had quickly told him the code realizing that they were serious and knowing that nobody would have been close enough to hear the gunshot. I had watched as the robbers pillaged my safe of all the money and jewellery we had in there. Filling there bags until the safe was completely empty. Once they had finished they had turned on me. Now as I lay on my back on the damp floor, I could faintly hear the muffled screams of my teenage daughter in the next room. As I used the last of my energy to glance upwards I finally saw the face of my attacker. He took off his simple mask, a beanie hat turned inside out with holes cut into it. His unshaven face and cold eyes stared down at me taking away the last of my hope. As the blood flew out of my chest, my energy went with it. I heard what sounded like another gunshot, though quieter this time and more distant, as my head fell heavily to one side the last image to enter my mind was the lifeless body of my daughter as she hit the floor beside me.